

THE MINDEN ECHO

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

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Single Copy 3c.

Volume XLVIII.

MINDEN, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1934

NO. 24

SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK

8 Bars Swift's Borax Soap . . . 25c
35-oz. jars Sweet Pickles . . . 35c
40-oz. jars Plum Jam . . . 35c
40-oz. jars Raspberry Jam . . . 40c
Sugar Crisp and Quaker Corn Flakes
3 for 25c
Men's Gray Flannel Shirts . . . 69c

Many other lines to clear at reduced prices

S. W. WELCH

For Printed Stationery
at Right Prices

Try
The Echo

Gelert Gleanings

Miss Eva Sharpless is home from Toronto for a few days.

Messrs. F. Nugent and J. Allen of Lindsay were here on business this week.

Miss J. Orr spent the week-end with her friend, Miss A. Gibbs of Minden.

Mrs. Geo. Wilson of Harburn visited friends here this week.

Mrs. Russell Burk of Lochlin has returned home after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Peacock.

We are sorry to report Mrs. R. S. McElwain again under the doctor's care.

Mr. R. B. O'Brien of Toronto was a visitor here during the week.

Messrs. Robert McElwain, Jr., and Gerald Robinson have returned from Donald where they were employed.

We are sorry to report Mr. Robt. Wilson quite seriously ill and under the doctor's care.

Mr. Frank Schrader of Mincer's Bay was home for the week-end.

Another large quota of men for the Highway Camps arrived on Tuesday's train.

Oats for Sale

Car of Western oats due to arrive at Gelert about March 20th. Grades—No. 1 Feed, No. 3 C.W. and reseeded seed. Get our prices and place your order early. Also interesting prices on flour and feed from Carnarvon Warehouse.

T. H. ROGERS & SON
Carnarvon

Haliburton News Items

DENTISTRY

During the winter months Dr. M. C. Mills, dentist, will be at Minden Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning and at Haliburton Tuesday afternoon and all day Wednesday of each week.

DIED

HARTLE—At Minden, on Tuesday, March 6, 1934, Alice Clark, beloved wife of Donald J. Hartle, in her 69th year.
Funeral service will be held in St. Paul's Church, Minden, Friday, March 9th, at 2 p.m., interment to take place in Minden Cemetery.

UPTON—At Boskung, on Sunday, March 4th, 1934, Alonzo Upton, in his 64th year. Interment took place on Tuesday afternoon in Boskung Cemetery.

In Memoriam

In affectionate memory of a loving wife and mother, Mrs. Emerson Austin, who was called away March 6th, 1934.
"Till the day breaks and the shadows flow away".
Sadly missed by Husband and Family.

Advertise in The Echo

Bill to Develop Power Sanctioned by House

On Tuesday afternoon of this week the bill permitting the Orillia Water, Power and Light Commission to develop the power at Workman's Mills, Minden, passed in the Ontario House. The privilege of distributing power to other Municipalities was not granted, so that Minden will have to look to the Hydro to arrange for power and light for the village. Orillia will shortly vote on the project and, if favorable, all legal technicalities will be cleared off the state.

Special Train For Tournament

A special train will leave Haliburton at 6 p.m. tonight (Friday) for Fenelon Falls to accommodate those from the north wishing to attend the big tournament being held there. Low fares are quoted for the round trip.

Mother and Son Have Narrow Escape

Mrs. Gordon Barr and her little son, of Gooderham nearly lost their lives from deadly carbon monoxide fumes which seeped into their home adjoining the E. S. Barr & Son General Store, when an underground exhaust pipe from the motor that runs the Delco lighting plant for the store became blocked with surface water caused by the melting of the snow. As the poison gas flooded the Barr home, the occupants began to feel ill. Mrs. Barr noticing a slight dizziness, thought a breath of fresh air would do her good, but she dropped unconscious just as she reached the outdoor platform at her home. Her plight was soon noticed and her little son rescued from the house. He was in an unconscious condition when brought out.
Dr. Frain was called and the patients soon recovered.—Post.

"Step on It, Stan" Presented

On Friday, March 16th, the young people of the village will present the enjoyable three-act comedy "Step on It, Stan", in the Town Hall, Minden, in aid of the Cemetery Fund. You will enjoy this delightful play with its many humorous situations. Watch for posters for further announcements.
There is still a considerable owing on the work done last fall and your attendance at this presentation will help to clear off this debt as well as provide a pleasant evening for yourself.

Skating Carnival

The annual skating carnival of the Haliburton Winter Sports Association will be held in the Haliburton Arena on Saturday evening next. There is a long list of prizes to be given for various classes of costumes. Also special prizes for racing, etc. Band in attendance. Admission 15c and 5c.

Haliburton Huskies Take Renfrew Cup

In the tournament for the Renfrew Cup held at Haliburton on Wednesday night, Haliburton Huskies defeated the Woodville team, the Haliburton Black Hawks defeated Ingoldsbys Camp and finally the Huskies took the cup by a win over the Black Hawks.

Dysart Council Minutes

Held in the Community Hall on Feb. 5. Minutes of last meeting adopted as read.
By-Law No. 991 to allow a premium for advance payment of taxes received first and second reading.
Curry-Kellett—That orders No. 13 to 20 inclusive, amounting to \$354.64 be passed and signed.
Schiffeld-Hudgins—That the following account be approved. G. E. Earle, post \$5.00.
Curry-Kellett—That the Treasurer apply for an injunction to prevent removal of timber from Lot 27, Con. 5, Guilford, unless the lot is redeemed by March 8th.
Curry-Kellett—That the Clerk write Mr. Willford asking for the release of sufficient money to pay the Teachers' salaries for the month of January.
Meeting adjourned till Monday, April 9th, at 1:30 p.m.

Of Interest to LADIES

We have received from Montreal a shipment of new models in Ladies' Hats for spring. See these now while the range is complete.

Saturday, March 10th
will be the opening date of our
SPRING WALLPAPER SALE
Keep this date in mind for Wallpaper at
5c. per roll

HARTLE'S

HERE AGAIN!

The finest range of Spring and Summer Samples
of Suits and Top Coats ever produced by
TIP TOP TAILORS

Get that Suit or Top Coat now before Easter.

Dozens of delighted customers all over the country.
Satisfaction Always Guaranteed.
DRESS UP NOW!

E. E. McELWAIN - Gelert

Harburn Highlights

(Too late for last week)
Mr. George Wilson is at present staying with his uncle, Mr. Robert Wilson of Gelert, who is at present under the doctor's care. We all hope that he will soon be well again.

Miss Jeanie Orr, P.S. teacher at Gelert, spent the week-end under the parental roof.

Mr. Allen Phillips is under the doctor's care. All hope that his health will soon be improved.

Lumbering is the order of the day here! Everyone is busy drawing logs to the mill at Eagle Lake. The stormy weather has kept them snow-ploughing continually.

Mrs. Margaret Curry received the sad news from Vancouver, B.C., of her daughter's husband's death.

Building operations have commenced at the "White House", at Moose Lake, for Mr. W. I. Newstetter, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Thomas Roberts, Sr., has just returned from Peterboro after visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Delong and friends.

Mrs. M. Burchill is at present visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Bowen and Mrs. Watt.

Mr. George Roche, who is ninety-seven years old, is still hale and hearty. We are glad to see that he is able to be out these extremely cold mornings.

Mr. James Roberts, who does the delivery from the station, obliges us three times a week by bringing our mail. This is appreciated very much this cold stormy weather.

The Depression

Seems quite funny, there's no money,
If the stuff is still in stock;
It must be securely hidden,
Stored away in some old sock.
Where's the famous prosperous corner,
On which all our hopes were pinned?
If we don't soon get around it,
We can never raise the wind.
If we ever pay our taxes,
While the phone rates climb and leap,
We'll discard the well-known saying,
Often heard, that "talk is cheap".
When we get a flock of "dunners",
Pockets empty, save for chaff,
Once again we're up against it,
"Please remit by cheque or draft".
If we try to get some slumber,
Settle down at last to snore;
Still in dreams we see the Bailiff,
Knocking at the old front door.
Money soon shall join the antiques,
If we see it any more,
'Twill be in a glass jar, labelled,
"Used as late as '34".

DURLIGH WALLACE

Provisions Wanted

Vegetables and Meats for Road Camps
Cabbages 4c. per pound
Carrots 2c. "
Turnips 1 1/2c. "
Beets 2c. "
Potatoes \$1.35 per bag
Good Beef 54c. per pound
Fair Beef 49c. "
Phone 55 or write
MR. RMD, Minden

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS

by Sax Rohmer



SYNOPSIS

As the liner Wallaroo sails from London, five cases of opium are removed and returned to Messrs. King's warehouse, adjoining that of Jo Lung, one of London's biggest "fences." Matt Kearney, correspondent of a New York newspaper, has just said goodbye to his sister Eileen, a passenger. Det. Inspector Dawson Haig asks Matt to accompany him to Jo Lung's Scotland Yard men, to Jo Lung's. Matt finds a notebook dropped by Yu'ian Hee See, head of an international gang. Norwich is murdered soon after leaving Matt. The notebook is stolen from Haig and Yu'ian and Jo Lung flee to Paris. An entry in the notebook leads Haig to the Restaurant Rulerman, Bey in Paris. Haig hears Franz Hartog saying he will board the Wallaroo at Marseilles. Haig, aboard the Wallaroo as Mr. Smith, learns the gang has informed a Dr. Oestler of his presence. Others who receive and wireless messages in code are a Miss Ednam and Len Chow of New York. A huge Chinaman tries to throw Haig overboard, but goes overboard himself in a desperate struggle.

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

Dawson Haig, very reluctantly, had agreed to allow Eileen to pursue her inquiries in her own way; but he didn't realize that she had actually left the ship until she had been gone some time. He was watching Len Chow, who, having collected his baggage, was now following a porter towards the ladder. Hartog had quietly gone ashore an hour before.

Just before Mr. Chow reached the gangway he passed a fortune teller, an evilly handsome fellow, wearing shabby European clothes and a turban—not an Egyptian, Haig determined, but possibly a Greek, or an Armenian.

Some words were exchanged rapidly, although Haig was too far away to overhear them. The Chinaman pointed shoreward. Haig looked and saw a native boat. In this boat sat Eileen with two women passengers, the party being escorted by Dr. Oestler and the ship's surgeon!

Dawson Haig became acutely uncomfortable. The girl had played her part admirably, even to the extent of striking up a friendship with Miss Ednam. But neither from the woman nor from the Austrian physician had she gleaned anything in the nature of a clue. She was convinced, and had assured Haig of the fact, that they knew she was watching them.

Hurrying down the ladder, the dark-eyed fortune teller was pulled away in a boat which waited. Len Chow followed in another. There was nothing to show that the pair were associated. But why had the Chinaman pointed out Eileen's party?

Haig stood there watching, and trying to make up his mind which of several courses to adopt. Eileen! At all costs he must keep Eileen in sight. He was up against a closely and cleverly organized group, he alone holding all available threads in his hands. Haig walked slowly down the

ladder. It was a jolt for three men, but, somehow, it had to be done by one.

Eileen had some shopping to do at Simon Arzt, and so to this store the party made their way. Dr. Oestler, it appeared, had purchases to make also. The ship's surgeon, Heatherley, went along. Dawson Haig, who had been in Port Said twice previously and, oddly enough, upon that same business which saw him there now, having satisfied himself that this was the destination of the party, became interested in the movements of Mr. Len Chow.

This gentleman, depositing his baggage at the Eastern Exchange, had strolled out, standing amongst the little tables set upon the pavement like a man with nothing better to do than kill time.

The Armenian fortune teller had entered a shop nearly opposite.

Dawson Haig, wearing the tinted glasses of "Mr. Smith," sat down at some distance from the door and ordered a cool drink. He was doing some hard thinking.

At about this time, Eileen had completed her purchases. Her companions—excluding Dr. Heatherley—had allowed themselves to be lured by wonderful shawls, scarves, and other pitfalls which await unwary travellers in Eastern shops.

Dr. Oestler was inspecting a handsome casket of inlaid wood. Eileen, covertly, was watching him. That this man was an associate of criminals, murderers, she could not doubt; yet he was a most entertaining companion, and in spite of his marked ugliness, possessed the rare quality of soothing without boring.

Eileen was enjoying that sense of martyrdom so dear to woman's nature. She was helping. Actually her help was nearly automatic. Her spirit was seeking Dawson Haig all the time. Where was he? Was he safe? Did he appreciate what she was doing? With it all, she was so happy that she was frightened.

Dr. Oestler had stepped to the open doorway to examine the casket by daylight; and:

"My gentleman," said a soft voice. The doctor stared through his glasses at the speaker. It was the Armenian fortune teller.

"I do not wish to buy anything, ha?" said the doctor good-humoredly. "I do not wish my palm to be read—no? And I do not wish to know my future. Is it so?"

"It is not so, my gentleman," the soft voice continued. "It is that I know where there are boxes such as this, but ever so much better—and cheaper."

"You know this—ha?" said Dr. Oestler, smiling at Eileen.

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

Exquisite Quality

Also in Black and Mixed

"You think perhaps I don't know this?"

"I think—ha—you may. I say I do not wish to buy even such a box."

"I make with you a bargain," the men went on earnestly. "I charge you nothing—nothing—unless you buy from the shop I take you to. This is my bargain."

Eileen began to laugh. "My lady laughs," said the Armenian earnestly. "But I will show her." He took her hand, as Dr. Oestler returned and placed the casket on the counter from which he had taken it. The doctor rejoined them.

"If I tell this lady true," said the man, still holding Eileen's hand, "something I cannot know except from the palm, will you come with me to the shop I show you?"

Eileen agreed. "But he'll fall down on it and expect half-a-crown all the same."

"We shall see—ha? Proceed, my good fellow."

"You belong," said the man, staring into her hand, "not to England—not, I think, to Europe, but to some country far west of Europe—perhaps it is America?"

"Detected my accent," was Eileen's mental comment.

"You come not to Egypt, but to somewhere further—to India, I think. And in India someone is waiting for you—someone you love and who loves you. No!" He stared closer. "It is not so. Yet there is someone who waits. There is someone—I think in England—this one I have spoken of—who is now on his way to India, or to some place very near to India. And there he will meet you. Ah, but still I am not right! He is here, this one—here, in Port Said!"

Eileen betrayed herself by a sudden start.

"For him there are many dangers," and I read it in your palm, and very happy you will be."

"That's enough," said Eileen, startled by the man's reading.

"Then we must stick to our bargain—yes?" said Dr. Oestler. The man smiled triumphantly. "Please follow, my lady, my gentleman," he said. "It is not far. Please follow."

Eileen was conscious of a sudden vague uneasiness. It was very difficult to appreciate the fact that she was in the company of a criminal, but it remained a fact, nevertheless, a fact that the man's strange charm of manner invariably made her forget.

"Perhaps the others would like to come?" she suggested.

Dr. Oestler nodded, returned to the shop, and presently came back. "The ladies are still absorbed with silk wear," he said, smiling, "silk undies—ha? So I left Dr. Heatherley to take care of them, and I arranged that we shall meet at the Eastern Exchange in half an hour."

The Armenian led them from the Sharia Fuad into Sharia Eugenie, and thence, left, into the native quarter. Eileen's brain began working rapidly. The question repeated itself over and over again: "Should I go? Should I go?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Perhaps even at the last moment Eileen would have conjured up some excuse. But suddenly she saw a sight which reassured her... made her heart sing. Dawson Haig had followed Len Chow, when the Chinaman, apparently aimlessly, had set out, and had temporarily lost sight of him at a corner of Sharia Fuad. Almost at the same moment he had seen Eileen—alone with Dr. Oestler—accompanied by the fortune teller.

And so Eileen, glancing back apprehensively along the narrow street, recognized the glitter of "Mr. Smith's" smoked glasses. Dawson Haig followed, twenty paces behind. Dr. Oestler was talking to the palmist-guide and could not possibly have noticed her backward glance.

On they went into several streets. Presently, in a street native from end to end, they paused. A dingy little shop on the left was evidently their objective. Eileen glanced back.

Dawson Haig was still only twenty paces behind!

The shop was purely Arab in appearance. They went down two steps into the interior, and from a dim corner the proprietor, whom the guide addressed as Mohammed, appeared.

Mohammed, black-robed and white-turbaned, was quite the most venerable specimen of a living Egyptian upon whom Eileen had ever set eyes. His face was a maze of tiny wrinkles, and of the color of a walnut shell. His eyes, bright as a snake's, lurked deep in cavities resembling small caves. Wisps of dirty white hair, almost indistinguishable from his turban, and a straggly beard of the same, outlined that aged countenance.

Mohammed bowed low, opened a door hidden in the dark recess from which he had emerged, and stood aside. Eileen glanced back in the direction of the street.

Dawson Haig was outside.

Confidently, now, she stepped through into a big room—to pause, breathless with astonishment. The fortune teller had not exaggerated. This was, indeed, a wonder house, a treasury of beautiful things! And there were other rooms beyond.

(To be continued.)

Skirts Longer

Three-quarter coats will be seen a great deal, and straight skirts are worn just a trifle longer than last season.

"There are surely abundant reasons to believe that the long pull trend is upward,"—Roger W. Babson.

"I know it is not customary to pay debts nowadays, but we do it."

Flat-Face

Visiting Mamma—"I wish to find my son, the Honorable Fitzalan Fitzwalter Fitzclarence Vere de Vere."

Schoolboy—"I'll have him sent to you in a minute, Madam. Here Jones, go and tell young Flat-Face his mammy wants him."

Exports of Canadian cattle to the United Kingdom for the first 13 days of 1934 amounted to 1,671 head, as compared with 578 for the same period of last year.

The TRAYMORE Atlantic City



The Preeminent Hotel Achievement

The Safe, Sensible Way TO REDUCE WEIGHT

is moderate living and once or twice a week a sparkling glass of

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

To ensure complete elimination

In TINS—25c and 50c. NEW, LARGE BOTTLE, 75c.

EDWARDSBURG

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



A pure, wholesome, and economical table Syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

HERE'S THAT QUICK WAY TO STOP A COLD



Take 2 Aspirin Tablets.

Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

Almost Instant Relief in This Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICK-EST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get Aspirin Tablets. Aspirin is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited, and the name Bayer in the form of a cross, is on each tablet. They dissolve almost

instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely they leave no irritating particles. Get a box of 12 tablets or a bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.



ASPIRIN TABLETS ARE MADE IN CANADA

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Vary your menus with these tempting breads made with

ROYAL YEAST CAKES



FOR over 50 years Royal Yeast Cakes have been the standard of fine quality. Today, they are preferred in 7 out of every 8 Canadian homes where dry yeast is used in home baking. Individually sealed in air-tight waxed paper, they stay absolutely fresh for months. You can be sure of full leavening power every time you bake with them.

FREE—The ROYAL YEAST BAKE BOOK to use when you bake at home. 23 tested recipes—loaf breads, rolls, buns, coffee cakes! Address Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont. Ask, too, for leaflet, "The Royal Road to Better Health."

BUY MADE-IN-CANADA GOODS



WANTED

Raw Furs of all kinds. Highest Prices Paid
Prompt Returns and Satisfaction Guaranteed
Try me and find out for yourself

CHAS. TURNER

Phone 176

PORT PERRY, ONT.

NEW EQUIPMENT

The service at the grave is perhaps the most trying part of the funeral for the family and intimate friends. We have spared no expense in securing the Modern Lowering Device and Artificial Grass in order to eliminate all unnecessary hardships and make this feature of our service as impressive and soothing as possible.

Orders Taken for Flowers
(CASH ON DELIVERY)

JOHN WELCH & SON
FRANK WELCH, Mgr.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Telephone 20

MINDEN, ONT.

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has been appointed to represent several well known British and Canadian Companies handling Fire, Automobile and Accident Insurance, and prepared to write same

REASONABLE RATES
SATISFACTORY SETTLEMENTS

INSURANCE

FIRE LIFE ACCIDENT
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With Reliable Companies

Reasonable Rates

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MINDEN - ONTARIO

TRAPPERS ATTENTION!

Highest prices for your fur. Write, ship or bring to

HENRY HOUZER

1 KENT ST. LINDSAY

LOCAL LINES

The Echo will be pleased to receive from you for publication any news items of interest.

Mrs. Sarah Ransom is visiting her niece Mrs. A. M. Adams, in Toronto.

Several of our citizens are on the sick list at present due to an epidemic of colds.

Messrs. E. Windover and D. C. Brown were visitors in Toronto this week.

The annual wood bee to provide a supply of wood for use in the United Church was held on Thursday.

Mr. B. J. Walker was a visitor in Detroit last week. He reports times much better in Canada than across the line.

Mr. S. S. Taylor, who has been in poor health all winter, is in Toronto this week, receiving medical attention.

"Irish Night" will be held at the regular meeting of the Fortnight Club in the Parish Hall tonight. Everybody welcome.

Mrs. T. J. Archer of Lindsay, who recently underwent a very critical operation, is reported as progressing favorably.

Mrs. Wm. Shay of Wilberforce arrived in the village on Wednesday to attend the funeral of her aunt, the late Mrs. Hartle.

Mr. John Campbell, who has spent the winter with his brother, Alex, on the Scotch Line, has returned to his home in Bakersville, B.C.

Dr. M. C. Mills, Dentist, has resumed his weekly visits after a two weeks' forced absence due to a severe attack of lumbago.

The mild weather over the week-end was much enjoyed here, probably more so than in those places where floods were causing inconvenience and damage.

Mr. Harold Hartle of New York and Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Carter of Dundalk were called to Minden this week through the illness of their mother, who passed away on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Steve Page is at present laid up with a fractured ankle, sustained when he was struck by piece of rock or frozen dirt following a blast on the Minden-Haliburton Highway. Steve had retired to what was considered a safe distance from the blast, and while watching the flight of one piece of debris, failed to see the piece which struck him.

DENTISTRY

During the winter months Dr. M. C. Mills, dentist, will be at Minden Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning and at Haliburton Tuesday afternoon and all day Wednesday of each week.

Special Dance

At Carnarvon Reception Hall on Wednesday March 14. Admission 50c. Ladies free.

In Memoriam

STEVENS—In loving memory of our dear wife and mother, Margaret S. Stevens, who passed away on March 6, 1933.

This day brings back to memory,
A loved one gone to rest,
And those who think of her today,
Are those who loved her best.

We watched her suffer day by day,
It caused us bitter grief,
To see her slowly pass away,
But could not give relief.

Long nights and days she bore the pain,
To wait for cure, but all in vain,
Till God Himself knew what was best,
He took her home and gave her rest.

Sadly missed by Husband and Family.

Yes and No

There is a story about Judge Elbert H. Gary of United States Steel memory. A lady once took him aside at a social function and said, almost in a whisper:

"Judge, would you mind telling me if you think steel stock is going up or down?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I think it will. You see, madam, it rarely ever stands still, and it cannot very well go sideways."—Kansas City Star.

Original "Tom Thumb"

Charles Stratton, known as "Tom Thumb," was born in 1837 of normal parents. He showed no peculiarity until the age of seven, when he ceased to grow normally. In 1842 he was discovered by Phineas Taylor Barnum. When he was twenty-five years old he had reached the height of only 31 inches. In 1844 he visited England and was an extraordinary success. After extensive travel he visited England in 1855. In 1856 he married Lavinia Warren, the little American. "Tom Thumb" was perfect in proportion, active and intelligent.

Here and There

In January 1934, 500 commercial vessels passed through the Panama Canal, paying \$2,160,679.83 in tolls, according to an announcement by the United States War Department. In the same month of 1933, 415 commercial vessels passed through the Canal, paying \$1,762,808.56 in tolls. Canadian canals are operated by the government free of toll, and the cost of operation is borne by the Canadian Taxpayer.

Rev. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie, first mayor of Toronto, will be the speaker at the Centennial dinner to be given by the William Lyon Mackenzie Chapter, I.O.D.E., at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, March 5. He will be introduced by ex-Mayor Thomas L. Church and a number of former mayors of Toronto will be present at the function.

Bringing back a United States speed skating title, Miss Edith Kingsmill was greeted by a large crowd of sport enthusiasts at the Canadian Pacific railway station at Winnipeg recently on her return from Chicago where she had won the 440 yard speed skating race for women, shattering the American record.

Miss Dorothy Standish, of Banff, is now "Queen Dorothy" of the 1935 Banff Winter Carnival. She was escorted down the aisle at the ballroom where the function took place, knelt at the feet of the late Queen, Miss Violet Davis, of Edmonton, and was crowned by her. Queen Dorothy thanked her subjects and expressed the hope she would make as good a queen as her predecessor on the throne.

Something new in skiing has been evolved in the Laurentians, skiers' paradise to the north of Montreal. This is the "Flying Kilometre" claimed to be the first time ever tried out on the American continent. Entrants wore crash helmets and ran the race down a specially prepared 35 degree slope. A speed of 53 miles an hour was recorded.

"The dogs like altitude," was the comment of Tom Wheeler, well-known eastern Canada musher, as his team of huskies swept over Montreal in a six-passenger plane heading for the Lacania, New Hampshire, Dog Derby as a test for the Quebec International Dog Derby in which he is also engaged.

No less warm for being a trifle overdue, 600 Winnipeg sportsmen tendered a banquet and presentations to the Winnipeg Rugby team at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in that city recently. They were in the play-offs for the Dominion Rugby championship last fall.

It may look like a long winter this time of year, but A. D. Bain, manager of Canadian Pacific mountain hotels and bungalow camps in the Rockies states they will be opened earlier this year on account of large conventions scheduled for the latter part of June. June 22 was stated by Mr. Bain to be the date when they would be opened.

CHURCH NOTES

For Next Sunday

ST. PAUL'S, MINDEN.

Rev. R. R. Bonis, B.A.

Sunday School Minden . . . 10.00 a.m.
Morning Prayer, Minden . . . 11.00 a.m.
Sunday School Scotch Line . . . 2.00 p.m.
Evening Prayer, Scotch Line . . . 3.00 p.m.
Evening Prayer, Celtic . . . 7.30 p.m.

UNITED CHURCH, MINDEN-CARNARVON

Rev. V. Zufelt, B.A., B.D.

Minister

Maple Lake . . . 11.00 a.m.
Carnarvon . . . 3.00 p.m.
Carnarvon S.S. . . . 1.30 p.m.
Minden S.S. . . . 2.00 p.m.
Minden . . . 7.00 p.m.

HALIBURTON ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

Rev. H. T. Archbold

Sunday School . . . 10.00 a.m.
Morning Service . . . 11.00 a.m.
Evening Service . . . 7.00 p.m.

UNITED CHURCH, HALIBURTON

Rev. Harry Wilkinson

Lochlin . . . 11.00 p.m.
Ingoldsbay . . . 2.30 p.m.
Haliburton . . . 7.00 p.m.

TORY HILL MISSION

United Church of Canada

Rev. Lawrence H. Turner, B.A.

Highland Grove Sunday School . . . 9.45 a.m.
Highland Grove Service . . . 10.45 a.m.
South Wilberforce Service . . . 3.00 p.m.
Tory Hill Sunday School . . . 2.00 p.m.
Tory Hill Service . . . 7.30 p.m.

SALVATION ARMY-HALIBURTON

Holiness Meeting . . . 11.00 a.m.
Sunday School . . . 2.30 p.m.
Salvation Meeting . . . 7.00 p.m.

GAS, INDIGESTION



IF you're troubled with stomach distress, gas, and your blood needs enriching there's nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. W. J. Henderson of 276 Adelaide St., London, Ont., said: "I suffered so badly from indigestion I would double up with pain. I felt miserable and tired out. My mother advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it was not long before I was able to eat without being in agony. When I finished the third bottle I was entirely relieved of the indigestion, also headache."

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New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.35. All druggists.

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Announcement

Having purchased the field notes, plan and other documents pertaining to the practice of the late Alexander Niven, O. L.S., of Haliburton, we are in a position to serve his clients and others in all matters of land surveying, etc., throughout the County of Haliburton and surrounding district.
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THE MINDEN ECHO
W. MACARTHUR, Pub.

STREET SCENE

By Robert Ashe

One of the distractions on Our Street was the feud between "Modes" and "Greens."

Our Street is in Bloomsbury and, although in the heart of London, there is a really intimate village atmosphere in this little street of shops where housewives, on their daily expeditions, gossip with each other or with shopkeepers. It is our Main Street, and those who use it daily know each other and possess a substantial knowledge of each other's affairs.

So shoppers would often linger when Miss Stoker, who had the millinery shop, between the baker's and the two-penny lending library, entered the shop of Alexander MacEwan—Fruits, Vegetables, Van for Removals—to make her daily purchases.

"How much are the carrots to-day?" little Miss Stoker would ask.

"Twopence," MacEwan would answer, brusquely.

"H'm. They don't look up to much," glancing disparagingly at the innocent roots.

"If they're no guld for ye, madam, ye don't need to tak' 'em," MacEwan would reply, glowering.

"And the celery?" she would inquire, looking at the white-green stalks on their neat basket.

"Three-ha'pence, to-day," MacEwan would reply, with a take-it-or-leave-it air.

"They're three hapence on the barrows, to," Miss Stoker would comment, acidly. "But better quality, I think."

"Well, why don't ye by from the barrows, then?"

But invariably Miss Stoker would eventually buy something.

This bickering had gone on between these two for a year and a half—ever since Miss Stoker had opened her shop on Our Street. We could all remember when the decorators had gone to work on the little shop, and when the artistic sign, in gilt and green, had appeared over the shop-window, "Modes," and brightly-coloured hats and lingerie had made their appearance in the newly-fitted window.

Then Miss Stoker had arrived, a small person—about forty, we guessed—with a resolute pale face, bright blue eyes, and lips usually pressed in a determined line. But she could smile on occasion, very pleasantly—especially when talking with children. And those favoured ladies of our neighborhood who had been honoured with an invitation to tea in the snug room back of the shop, which served as workroom and living-room, averred that there could be no pleasanter or even wittier hostess than Miss Stoker when she unbent over the tea-cups.

Her furniture was old, but really "good," we were told; but it was pretty tightly crammed into her living-room, bedroom, and kitchen, which were all on the ground floor behind the shop.

No one knew much about Miss Stoker, but it was the general opinion that she had been a lady's maid, who had been left a small legacy, and, possibly, the furniture, of which she was obviously very proud. As to her family, it was known she had a married sister, living grandly in East Sheen, who descended occasionally upon her from a shining car and patronized her until poor little Miss Stoker came—as near to a nervous crisis as such a genteel person can go in public.

Once her sister's husband came with her—a large domineering man in a purple suit—and he roared rough chaff and heavy patronage in the little shop until the couple of neighbors who were there retired out of sheer sympathy for their friends' embarrassment.

Alexander MacEwan, once of Dumbries and now of Bloomsbury, knew all about this. It was impossible to work on Our Street and not know it. But it did not appear to soften his relations with the lady from "Modes."

He was a dour person, anyway, tall and thin and lowering. His business was a good one, for he had more than his native share of shrewdness, and he worked unsparingly. His was a lock-up shop, and he lived nearby, in one of the shabbier squares, where he and his two daughters, who were both going to school, occupied a whole house. MacEwan was a widower, and it may have been the loss of his young wife which had contributed to his air of sardonic melancholy. He had no housekeeper, only a "dally woman" who came in and cleaned the place and cooked the meals. We often wondered why he didn't let a floor in his house, which was too big for his family.

Things were not going well with Miss Stoker's business—that we knew well, also. When she first moved in, she had an assistant who helped in the workroom, and a girl who aided her in the shop. But, after a year, she had dispensed with the assistant. Times were not too good, and also many of the ladies of the neighbourhood preferred to buy their finery from the big

deparment stores in the West-end—and, it must be said, there they secured better bargains than could be found in Miss Stoker's small establishment.

So all of us who kept in touch with affairs on Our Street knew that, behind the gaily-stocked shop-window of "Modes," a protracted and bitter struggle was proceeding.

Not that Miss Stoker ever alluded to this. She still had her friends to tea in the pleasant room behind the shop. She still made her morning pilgrimage from shop to shop with her neat market bag.

And, almost every day, she exchanged sharp and frigid sallies with the taciturn MacEwan.

In fact, these stimulating encounters now recurred more often, if anything. And for good reason. Miss Stoker's visits to the greengrocer became more frequent, while those to the butcher diminished in inverse ratio. This increasing devotion to vegetables could only be ascribed to one cause—a declining income, for those ladies who had attended her cheery little tea parties had often heard her jests at the expense of diet faddists.

Alexander MacEwan, who knew everything that happened on Our Street, must have divined how things were going with Miss Stoker. But he gave no intimation of possessing this knowledge.

Well, the end soon came—the end which the more gloomy and elderly ladies of Our Street had been predicting of late. One day Miss Stoker's sister came to see her and in the room back of the shop, there had been a row, as Miss Stoker's girl told a friend. Evidently Miss Stoker had battered down her pride and had asked her wealthy sister for help to keep the business going; and her sister had refused.

"Told 'er she ought never to 'ave started this foolish business," said May, Miss Stoker's loyal aid, indignantly. Said as soon as she was ready there was a place for 'er in East Sheen and plenty of chance to make 'erself useful there in the 'ouse."

And it looked as though it had come to that. For Miss Stoker had a sale. "Removal Sale," it was pathetically called. Everything in the shop was marked down at an absurd reduction, and for once the little establishment did a marvellous business.

The next day Miss Stoker came into MacEwan's shop without her market bag. Her eyes looked tired and red, but she bore herself with her usual self-contained dignity.

"I understand you do removals," she said.

"That is so," said MacEwan.

"I would like you to come for my furniture to-morrow," she said.

For a moment, MacEwan was silent, then: "I'll see to it myself," he answered. "Will to-morrow afternoon at three suit ye?"

"That will do very well," she replied.

By that time the next day the last of the stock had been disposed of to a dealer. When MacEwan arrived with his man and the van, to superintend the moving, Miss Stoker was there, silent but composed, as usual, watching the loading and occasionally adverting the man to be more careful.

There was nothing left now but a chair in the shop, upon which Miss Stoker was sitting. MacEwan, who had hardly said a word during the whole operation, now came to her. His man was hovering in the background waiting to remove the chair. Miss Stoker sat very still and wide-eyed.

"And where shall he be takin' the stuff?" asked Alexander.

Miss Stoker fumbled in her hand-bag. Her fingers were shaking.

"Here's the address," she said, handing him a slip of paper. "It's in East Sheen. I suppose he can find it," she added with a touch of her usual asperity.

MacEwan took the paper in silence. He did not look at it. Miss Stoker rose, and the man took the last chair, loaded it on the van, and climbed up into the driver's seat. MacEwan walked out of the shop and Miss Stoker followed him.

But he did not give the paper to the driver. "Take the stuff to 33, Cramercy Square," he said. "An' unload it there."

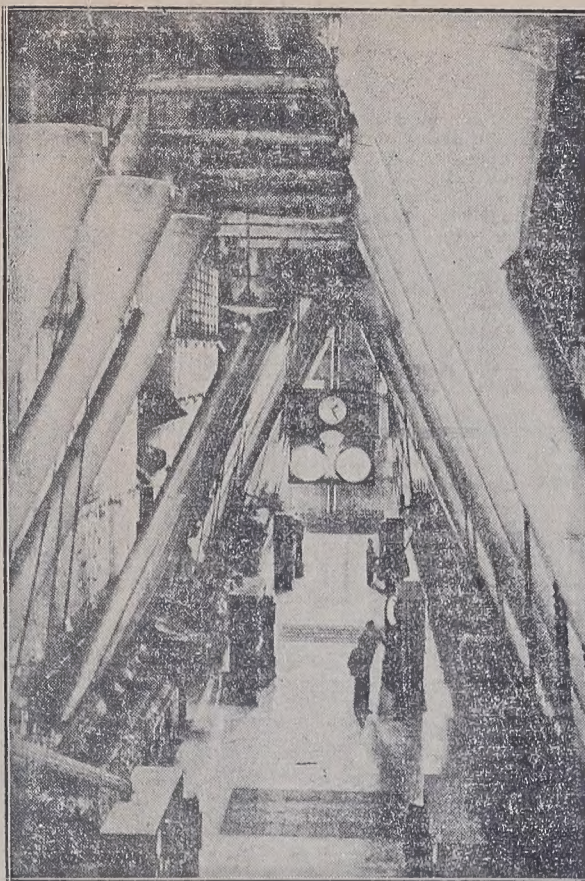
"What do you mean?" cried Miss Stoker, faintly. "That's not the address!"

"Don't I know it isn't?" said MacEwan, truculently. "That's my address. An' that's where yer stuff is going. I've a whole floor unoccupied there, an' I've two bairns that have no one to look after them, an' the whole neighbourhood's been after me long enough telling me I need a housekeeper for them an' me. An' that's yer new job, do ye understand me?"

Miss Stoker did not answer. For once her composure had deserted her. Her hands, in their poor worn gloves, were covering her eyes, and her thin shoulders shook with her sobbing. She essayed to answer him, but couldn't, and ran back into the shop. MacEwan followed her. Awkwardly he placed a long bony arm about her shoulders.

"An' it isn't only a housekeeper's job I'm offering ye, if ye'll agree to it," he said. "It's a real motherly

Gigantic Power Plant



Here is a view of the robot boiler room of the almost automatic power plant of the London Electric Supply Company at Barking, Essex. It is the largest power generating unit in England and probably in Europe.

girls are needing, an' as for me—do ye think I could get on without seeing ye every day now it's become a habit?"

"But we always fight when we meet," she said, lowering her hands and smiling up at him while the tears lay still upon her cheeks.

"Aye, but we sort of enjoy it, too, don't we?" he said.

Her hand went out blindly and he took it in his.

"An' now get along with ye," he said gruffly. "The girls'll be wanting their tea, an' I'll be wanting mine soon. It's crumpets to-day, an' mind ye buy decent ones—at Fieldings's."

"I think I know where the best crumpets can be found, Alexander," said Miss Stoker, tartly. "In future please leave such matters to me. And don't be late for tea, please."—London "Tit-Bits."

Shrinkin' Problem Under Survey

London.—The greatest trouble with cotton and linen garments is their liability to shrink in the wash. A new process claims to eliminate shrinkage entirely so far as cotton and linen fabrics are concerned. Wool and other textiles are still in the experimental stage.

The process is one of mechanical compression. The cause of shrinkage is that the fibres of fabrics, in the process of manufacture, are under great tension from start to finish. If the result of this stretching can be reduced before garments are made no further shrinkage need be feared, and this is what the new process accomplishes. Marked lengths of fabric, measured off before passing through the compression rollers, when re-measured after the process was complete showed a reduction in length of as much as 15 in. Thus it will now be possible to put on the markets of the world cotton and linen garments and materials which can be certified unshrinkable.

His Gypsy Blood

The late Lord Birkenhead (F. E. Smith) was of gypsy blood, according to Lieut.-Col. C. P. Hawkes, who lectured before the Genealogical Society in London.

"I believe his grandmother and her husband were both pure gypsies," said Colonel Hawkes.

Lady Eleanor Smith, daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead, said: "It has never been established that my great-grandmother was a gypsy, but my father always believed that he had some gypsy blood, and he was very proud of it."

"He had a passion for horses, liked bright colors, and would sleep in a tent in the garden when the weather permitted."—London Daily Mirror.

"The hour has come for plain speaking on the part of the preachers"—Billy Sunday.

"If you are happy yourself, you make everybody about you happy."—Queen Marie.

The Old Road

The new road is a high road Thrust straight across the hills, With sweeping, wide-arched bridges, And long firm leveled fills— A blade of flashing whiteness, It cuts through woods of beech, And on through blue-grass pastures, Then, far as eye can reach, Across the green of wheat fields, It takes its clean, swift way— To skim it is sheer gladness— It calls and who can stay— It dares the eager hearted To worlds yet to be won; Compellingly, it beckons Straight, straight out to the sun! The old road is a low road, Along the river's bed, A winding thread of gravel, Gold brown, and yellow red. Great sycamores and willows Half shade its narrow track; Beyond lie valley corn lands, Green pierced and velvet black. There, on hot August evenings, When silver vapors rise, They're hung with fitting lanterns Of fairy fireflies, That shine against the elm trees Down by the covered bridge, And glimmer in the red buds That top the hills' first ridge And violets, in April, Long-stemmed and rank and sweet, Make magic purple carpets To tangle gypsy feet— A lovely, lazy old road— A road for loitering— A charmed, alluring old road, Snow-hushed, or bright with spring— Some days I choose the new road— Some days I choose the old, Where river trees lay patterns Of lapis on sand gold— —Ethel Arnold Tilden in the Christian Science Monitor.

He Talks Fast

Montreal.—Mrs. John E. Lattimer, whose husband, a professor at Macdonald College, was being sued for \$10,000 in a damage action, stepped into the witness box and ran into a language difficulty.

The clerk of the court put the Bible in her hand, took deep breath and asked: "Doyousweartotellthetruththe whole truth and nothingbutthetruth so helpyouGodyourname?"

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Lattimer, "but I do not understand French."

The amazed clerk repeated the formula of the oath a little more slowly.

Emerentia Besner, 18, a domestic servant, claimed she suffered infection in her hand as a result of being asked to use a disinfectant in the water for house-cleaning purposes and claimed \$10,000 damages. Professor Lattimer and Mrs. Lattimer contended the chemical is in general use and is not harmful. The girl's illness was due to other causes, they contended.

"If you find that others do not rate your abilities as highly as you do yourself, do not be too sure that it is they who are mistaken."—Bertrand Russell.

...SMILES...



The Printer's Error

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly, You can hunt until you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by, Till the forms are off the presses, it is strange how still it keeps, It shrinks down into a corner, and it never stirs or peeps, That typographical error, too small for human eyes, Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size. The boss, he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans; The copy reader drops his head upon his hands and groans— The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be, But that typographical error is the only thing you see.

We used to gather gapefully on the street corner when we listened to a medicine show. Now we can hear it any time by sitting down comfortably near the fire and turning on the radio.

Old Lady—"Why is it you are always begging?"

Tramp—"Well, ma'am, 'twas this way. I was given a bum start. When I was a baby, a girl shoved me around in a carriage for five dollars a week, and I've been pushed for money every since."

Truth in itself is a very fine thing, but far too many persons make a habit of telling the truth only when it hurts somebody else.

A certain man was recently talking about the annual statement of a certain well-known local company. "The man who wrote that," he said, "reminds me of a window cleaner who was doing his work when a very loud crash brought the owner of the office into the room."

"What was that?" he asked. "Ladder slipped, boss." "Have you broken the window?" "No, not all of it."

There was a time when, if a boy kissed a girl she stayed kissed—but now he's lucky if she stays married after he marries her.

Friend—"Everything is going up." Poet—"Yes; only yesterday a lady offered me a nicker for one of my thoughts."

We may feel sorry for the man who loaned more money on a piece of property than it would or could ever pay—but that's about as far as we can go.

A lady entered a train—and sat in a car containing a solitary man. The Man (politely)—"Pardon me, miss—"

The Lady—"If you speak or annoy me, I'll pull the train cord." Every time he attempted to speak he met the same rebuff. At last the train slowed to a stop, and the polite man arose to his feet.

The Man—"I don't care whether you like it or not, but I want that bag of strawberries you've been sitting on for the last twelve miles."

If no couple really got married until they were actually prepared financially for the responsibilities of wedlock, ninety-five per cent. of the couples who are pairing off to mate would have to change their plans and remain single.

Arthur—"Dancing is in my blood, you know."

Girl—"Then you must have very poor blood circulation. It hasn't reached your feet yet."

Girls (to her sweetie)—"Do you remember when you were first struck by my looks?"

Boy Friend—"I think it was at the masked ball."

Brown—"So you think that liquor stimulates the imagination?"

Jones—"Yes, if I take a drink my wife imagines all sorts of things about me."

First Shoplifter—"Does your sister still go in for shoplifting now she's married to a very rich man?"

Second Shoplifter—"Na, she's rich enough to be a kleptomaniac."

Just as everything comes off as expected, down comes the window shade.

"Government itself must take steps with the approval of the governed to see that plans become realities."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.



Woman's Chatter...

By Mair M. Morgan

LADY OF THE CURVES THREATENS

While many disapprove of Mae West and the characters she portrays in the films almost everyone will have to applaud the stand she took very recently when threatened by the terrorists of the underworld.

"It's time someone in Hollywood, speaking frankly," drawled our Lady Lou, "that they show what is known as intestinal fortitude." Which is a Yankee parody of a good old Anglo-Saxon word. And we must all admit—she's quite right!

DEATH AT 50 - 60

It is a tragic thing to observe the many men in the prominent eye who have died suddenly during the past year at the early age of 50 to 60. Progress is a splendid thing (speaking in the terms of speed) but it is sad to realize that this fast moving world of ours is taking toll of our best years. Much can be said for the old days with their quiet daily routine. We are living too fast. Then, it does raise the question "Do we want to live longer?"

WHITE SOCKS - GREY SOCKS

A charming story of marriage - A sleepless night on the wife's part. Husband arises unaware of her midnight prowling. He seeks a clean pair of socks—journeys to the back porch—finds a white pair on the line. Enters bathroom—stares at a grey pair left prominently displayed on a chair—realizes his need had been anticipated and with a sheepish grin discards the white pair. Sentiment in small doses.

WE ALL KNOW THIS FEELING

I came across the following lines written by Isidor Schneider in The Nation and it so aptly describes the feeling we all experience when the weather becomes kind and gives us a taste of spring in the winter time:

Warm Winter Night

I am in darkness and should be at peace.
I should not let this flourish of a skirmish Spring
lure me from work. The pursuing Norse wind, sure
will catch me first and leave my warmth a fever.

I put on light;
too harsh

too sudden light; the bulbs explode in my eyes,
The room is loud and littled by the glare;
I seem to wrestle with inleaning walls
and with no labor to become all spent.
I cannot stay; I must go out, and walk until
weariness has shortened me enough
once more to be measure of a house.

Aprons Keep Up With the Styles

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.



3274

You can run this attractive little apron up on the sewing machine in about an hour.
It's exceptionally pretty and so different in its flower-like quaintness. The shoulder frills are interesting.
The original apron was carried out in yellow dimity with Nile green binds. The green dimity appears again in the

lower part of the scallops. The insets are sprigged dimity in delicate pink, yellow and green tones.

Red and white tissue checked gingham with plain white lawn is very neat, smart and practical scheme.

Style No. 3274 is designed for sizes small, medium and large.

Medium size requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material, 3/4 yard of 35-inch flowered contrasting, 3/4 yard of striped contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Winter Keeps House

In all the land stern winter now keeps house,

The austere master of the winds and snows,

The guardian of earth's peace and deep repose,

And the long Lenten season of bare boughs.

Under his roof of sharp and starry nights,
And on the shining uplands of the day,

To you who love the master and his sway

He spreads a sparkling banquet of delights.

Youth storms his valleys with the voice of song,
And shouts its joys upon his hills of health,

And reaps a dower of richer worth than wealth,

The strength that maketh wise as well as strong.

—J. C. M. Duncan.

EGGS WANTED

We Pay Top Prices For Eggs
Write For Our Weekly Quotations

Whyte Packing Co.
78-80 Front St. East, Toronto

Modern Girl Gets Her Innings

College Heads Say She Has a Much Saner Attitude Towards Real Values of Life Than the Girls of Previous Generations

Cleveland.—Leaves from a dean of women's notebook: The girl of to-day frankly admits she would like to get married, whereas the old-fashioned girl shyly declined to confess the ambition.

To-day's young woman looks on marriage as a partnership: Her counterpart of a generation or two ago considered it (frankly) an economic need.

And the marriageable girl of 1934 is a good deal more serious-minded than her sister of even 10 years ago.

That, anyway, is the gist of a series of comments by three well-known deans of women who were here recently for the convention of the United States Education Association's department of super-dependence.

Maybe Depression Helped

Dean Agnes Harris of the University of Alabama, who is president of the National Association of Deans of Women; Miss Harriet M. Allyn, academic dean of Mount Holyoke, and Dean Margaret S. Morriss of Pembroke College were as one in appraising the girls under their surveillance.

The three did not want to say the 1934 edition of the girl graduate was better or worse, artistically, morally or spiritually, than her predecessors on America's camp, but they were very emphatic that she was more attractive, had less false modesty and was more sensible.

Life, they agreed, had done something to the girl student in the last few years. Perhaps her parents had a bit of rough going during the depression, and the girl, sensing her responsibilities, has accepted her share of the work. As Miss Harris put it, she has found "a much saner attitude toward the real values of life."

Lady Willison Says Ontario to Cradle The Canadian Novel

Maritimes Produce Best Poetry —What Price Quebec

Toronto.—The novel "Day Before Yesterday," written by the Canadian author, Fred Jacob, revealed the possibilities of what can be done in novel writing in Canada. Lady Willison, wife of the late Sir John Willison, told a meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association here recently.

Lady Willison reviewed the field of the Canadian novel and asserted her belief that while the maritimes would probably continue as the source of the best Canadian poetry, that in Ontario would be cradled the great Canadian novel.

Lady Willison said it was surprising that as Canadians had "a fashion for politics" novelists in the Dominion had not so far made use of this in their writing. Humor, character creation and a devotion to the soil were named as essentials in the making of great novels.

Mrs. Roosevelt Installs Shooting Gallery

Washington.—A shooting gallery is reported to have been installed in the White House at the instance of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is understood the range will be used for pistol practice. The wife of the United States President is known to be a skillful shot and to carry a pistol with her on motor trips. She is on such a trip now, but her itinerary has not been announced.

The gallery is said to be a long metal tunnel, properly safeguarded against bullets going wild.

Gems from Life's Scrap-Book

Rest

"God giveth quietness."—Whittier.

"Absence of occupation is not rest."—Cowper.

"The highest and sweetest rest, even from a human standpoint, is in holy work."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee."—St. Augustine.

"It is not in understanding a set of doctrines; not in outward comprehension of the 'scheme of salvation,' that rest and peace are to be found, but in the taking up, in all lowliness and meekness, the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ."—F. W. Robertson.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Christ Jesus.

"Every big war has been followed by a period of liberalism, a period of financial depression, a period of mental and moral conservatism."—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

What Does Your Handwriting Show?

By GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR

(Grapho-Analyst.)

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A correspondent sends me samples of the writing of several well-known people, and asks me to analyse the writing for her. There is so much of interest in these analyses that I am making them the subject of a special article.

Perhaps you have wondered why many men have been led into the different pursuits in which they have gained fame and fortune. It is intensely interesting to think of what might have been if different individuals had been born with traits of character that were entirely different from the real characteristics of their nature.

Men and women are born into this world with definite talents and abilities that they must learn in order to take full advantage of them. Some go through life and never learn their proper talents, while others find and develop them early in life.

Ramon Navarro, the prominent film star, is particularly fortunate in finding his talent and making it the driving force of his life. His writing shows, as all those who have seen his films know, that he is a great dramatic actor—that he can interpret a role in a way that few people can even approach, but he has also another ability and another very outstanding talent with which he has won recognition—his ability in music. The rhythm and breaks in his writing shows immediately to the handwriting analyst—a talent and appreciation of the musical arts.

As an operatic singer, Ramon Navarro has achieved fame that is not often given to a man. His talent

in music is well-known, and is, perhaps, his first choice of expression.

He has still another characteristic; another ability. His writing shows an ability to use his hands in a creative way—perhaps in painting, sculpture, or some other means of artistic expression. Few men are born with such pronounced artistic ability in so many lines—drama, music, and the sculptural arts.

Take the handwriting of John Boles, another star. The dominant trait in his character is his self-reliance. This is the quality that makes him depend only on himself for anything that he wants done. He is not surly (quite the contrary) to his many friends, but, at the same time, when he wants a certain thing, he looks to one man only to get it—and that man is himself.

John Boles could not be anything else if he desired—there is an independence of thought and action that will not allow him to think of help when he has a problem to face. He is close-mouthed about his personal affairs, and will usually have them solved before other people have heard about them. Decisive, quick thinking—a man of action—John Boles.

Readers of this newspaper are invited to send samples of their handwriting to the author for a character analysis. Send as long a letter as possible, and write your usual script. Address your letters to Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, and enclose 10 cent coin and a stamped addressed envelope. Letters, of course, are confidential.

Research Releases New Foods

Wheat, Corn and Oats, Specially Treated After Experiments at Cornell College of Home Economics, to be Put on the Market

Ithaca, N.Y.—Set up for inspection by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt here was the scientific, mass production result of serving a new menu at the White House.

The wife of the United States President pioneered the menu in Washington recently. The result is that the Cornell Research Foundation, which controls these products, has just licensed manufacturers to produce three of them in sufficient volume to feed millions of relief agency beneficiaries.

Nourishing Meals

The foods are wheat, corn and oats, specially treated and with milk added. They were designed to give the poor meals costing only a few cents each, yet containing more nourishment than many affluent families purchase habitually.

Months of experiment with the new foods, as bread, muffins, soups, pancakes and cereals, at the Cornell College of Home Economics seem to indicate that the dietary scientists have found a working plan new for humans.

They borrowed this plan, ready

made, from 10 years' experience in producing near miracles in improving animals by diet.

So-Called Waste

Part of the substances for the animals were so-called industrial waste products of human food processing. This waste was not merely brans from hulls, but the embryo of grains, and vitamins and minerals. In the new Cornell food these elements are restored for human consumption.

"Until a few years ago," said H. E. Babcock, a director of the Cornell Research Foundation, "we lost 25 to 30 per cent. of young chicks, due to faulty diet. Now we lose none from the cause. We hope to do something like that for humans."

"No one would think of taking horses which had not worked for months and had fed only on hay, and putting them to work without first feeding them other foods to get their strength up. Yet we take men who have been undernourished, load them into trucks and expect them to work with pick and shovel."

"Nothing is easy; everything can become easy."—Andre Maurois.

Gold Blondes to Have Their Day

Platinum Hair Not in Favor —Fingernails to Match Costumes

New York.—Blondes have gone off the platinum standard.

So said beauticians and hair stylists at their annual convention. It's more desirable now to be gold-blond, said they.

They talked, too, about a haircut that matches the new car. It's streamlined; and these experts said it will be "the coiffure."

The way of it is this: Straight back from the forehead to the ear-line, with no wave. But at the back, a riot of small curls.

"More curls than ever this spring" was the hairdressers' prediction. No slick bobs, no feather-edge necklines, no shingled heads.

"We're getting back to femininity after two years," said the hairdressers. But women's tresses will go right on being bobbed, they added.

A medium-length bob is preferred; and when a woman wants to look regal, for evening, she will add to her bob an artificial braid.

A trend away from the highly rouged cheek also was seen. But color is leaving the cheeks, it seems, only to gleam more brightly on eyelids.

Eyelashes will be more lustrous than ever before, the beauty experts said, and eye shadow of more positive shades.

Fingernail note: They will be brilliant. Many women will cling to deep red; but ladies of the exotic type will tint their nails to match their costumes, and will flash purple and green.

HERE ARE THE USUAL SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Neuralgia Feeling of Weakness
Headaches Mouth Acidity
Nausea Loss of Appetite
Indigestion Sour Stomach
Nervousness Sleeplessness
Auto-intoxication

WHAT TO DO FOR IT

TAKE—2 teaspoonsful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful 30 minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets—one tablet for each teaspoonful, as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts at once to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll feel like a new person.

But—be careful you get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, or Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets when you buy—25c and 50c sizes.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



MADE IN CANADA

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

Backache or Headache?



FOR those who suffer from pains across kidneys, heavy dull feelings, and sometimes swollen ankles or feet, Dr. Pierce's newer medicine, called "Anuric" brings relief. Read what Mrs. T. Roberts of 31 Eagle Ave., Brantford, Ont., said: "My mother advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets during expectancy as I was suffering with headache, backache and felt tired and drowsy all the time. Soon after I started taking 'Anuric' I seemed to brighten up, had more ambition and rested better at night. Dr. Pierce's remedies are all so reliable." Anuric can be procured at any drug store. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory, Fort Erie, Ont., for a trial package.

ALFRED BOWMAN
LINDSAY

Oxy-acetylene welding on autos and machinery, new rubber tires and steel channels of either solid or cushion, put on carriages. New rubber tires put on children's wagons and carriages, etc. Circular and cross-cut saws gummed and lawn mowers sharpened.

ALL KINDS OF GRINDING

SHO 4, VICTORIA AVE. N.

For Sale

Ford coupe, set of light sleighs, demerit incubator with brooder complete, milking machine, sewing machine. Will exchange for live for live stock.

WM. FAWCETT
Minden

For Sale

Late 1927 Oldsmobile special sedan, excellent condition thought, greatly reduced price. Will trade for hardwood or softwood cordwood, or pulpwood, dry or green. Also 1926 Chevrolet Coupe.

E. S. BARR & SONS
Gooderham

For Sale

Ten ton of tame hay, and fifteen ton of of swale hay (swale hay \$6 per ton cash).

HENRY PENROSE
23-3 Phone 4920 Minden P.O.

For Sale

(To close an Estate)

House and lot on the Main Street of the Village of Haliburton, and being part of Lot 1, Block M, of the said Village of Haliburton, also seven Debentures of the Corporation of the Municipality of Dysart, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. For further particulars apply to the undersigned executors.

EDGAR BENTHAM, Haliburton, Ont.
W. R. CURRY, Haliburton, Ont.
21-3

Poultry Grit

White Star Brand Double Purpose Poultry Grit, better and cheaper than oyster shells. Agro Brand Agricultural Lime Stone. Write for circulars and prices.

WHITE STAR MINES
Haliburton, Ont.

NOTICE

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Issuer of
FISHING, HUNTING, TRAPPING
GUN
and MARRIAGE LICENCES

J. A. LUCAS,
Notary Public
Haliburton
Box 52 Phone 14

For Service

Pure Bred Yorkshire Boar, Ira Dalmeny Prince No. 24-163003, will be kept for service at Lot 7, Con. 4, Minden. Fee \$1.25 at time of service.
May 1, 34 ALFRED COX, Owner

Here and There

The first event in the celebration of the Centennial of the City of Toronto, to be held this year, took place at the Royal York Hotel in the closing week of 1933 when Mayor Stewart handed out loaves of "Centennial" bread to a large crowd of interested recipients.

Emile St. Goddard and Leonard Seppala, heroes of many hotly fought Dog Derbies, will fight it out again in the Quebec Dog Derby of February 23-25 next to be held in Quebec City. Many other teams have already registered and special training events for the big show are being held.

Chemistry May Yet Do

Away With Wheat Field

Without the help of skilled chemists to analyze soils and fertilizers our scientific plant breeders would be powerless.

They could never have given us new types of wheat which grow farther north than ever before, wheats which ripen from seed to harvest in so short a time that immense new corn belts have been opened up, while the world price of wheat has tumbled.

Chemistry may, any day, produce an artificial wheat product, as it has given us artificial dyes and drugs which amount to exact laboratory copies of what nature grows. Fifty years ago all the dyes used by man were obtained from plants, bark of trees, roots, insects and so on. Today, these are superseded by thousands of exquisite artificial dyes made in an infinite variety of shades, practically all derived from coal tar.

This chemical development killed the wool-growing industry which went on for two thousand years in these islands. It finished madder-growing in France and ruined the indigo plantations of India. Many thousands of acres were thrown out of cultivation, and millions of money were lost. During the next fifty years, who can say that wheat may not become a factory product?

If a drug like quinine and a dye like indigo can be made in the laboratory, what is to prevent problems of nutrition from being dealt with in the same manner?—London Tit-Bits.

Raleigh Not Introducer
of Tobacco to Europe?

Authorities have tried to pin the introduction of tobacco into Europe on one man or another but the reasonable theory is that it was brought back by Spanish sailors and sea captains, names unknown, who bought it from Spaniards that cultivated it commercially in the West Indies, as far back as 1535. The tobacco of the island of Trinidad, for instance, became famous all over Europe, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Still, in the effort to be specific, one writer of records made the claim that a famous physician, Francisco Fernandez, who was sent to Mexico by Philip II of Spain in 1558, was the first to take specimens of the plant back to Europe. But this was several years after the Spaniards began exporting tobacco from their plantations in the West Indies; and it was in 1560 that Jean Nicot, of nicotine fame, French ambassador to Lisbon, found the tobacco seed there that he sent to Paris.

Sir John Hawkins was the first to take tobacco to England, which, he did in 1565, and history tells us that tobacco was growing there in 1570. However, Sir Walter Raleigh was a much more romantic figure, so it was more thrilling to pin the fact on him, in much the same way that we pin facts and sayings on those among our own prominent contemporaries whom we wish to credit—or discredit.

Tobacco as Healer

When tobacco made its debut in Europe, everything was expected of it that the Indians expected. It was believed that it not only cured but ward off disease, and the plague was fought with tobacco smoke in Spain, France and England. Even now there are those who think that a chew of tobacco, placed on a wound, will heal it.

Before the end of the Sixteenth century tobacco was grown not only in Europe but in Turkey, China and many other outlying places. In the course of centuries it changed in flavor and appearance because of the differences of climate and soil, so that now experts can tell where tobacco was grown when they look at it or smell it.

"The Thinker" Explained

Bobby was a sore trial to his mother because of his slowness in getting dressed. He never seemed to remember where he had put this and that article of apparel.

On one occasion he was taken to a museum where he saw a reproduction of Rodin's "Le Penseur." His mother explained that the title meant "The Thinker."

Bobby studied the figure intently for a moment, and then said, "He's probably trying to think where he left his clothes."

Short Night

It was Willie's first ride in a railway train, and the succession of wonders reduced him to a state of continuous astonishment. The train rounded a slight bend and, with a shriek of its whistle, plunged into a tunnel.

There were gasps of surprise from the corner where Willie was. Suddenly the train rushed into broad daylight again, and a small voice was lifted in wonder.

"It's tomorrow!" exclaimed the small boy.—Christian Register.

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AVAILABLE

HEAD OFFICE



MONTREAL

Commercial loans in Canada, it is sometimes suggested, have shown a declining trend through restriction of credit by the chartered banks. The truth is that more banking credit is available than those directing sound enterprises are able or willing to employ.

This bank has not in the past, and does not today, withhold credit for legitimate and sound purposes.

It has had, and it has today, ample resources from which it is prepared to make loans.

Enquiries are invited at any one of its 564 offices throughout Canada.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF \$750,000,000

Fenelon Falls Branch: O. GEIGER, Manager

Haliburton Branch: C. HAGGAN, Manager

American Feels at Home
in Great Chinese City

Shanghai, to a notable extent, has become Americanized. There, in the most polyglot city in Asia, the roving American finds all the comforts of home—the radio and jazz bands, cocktail and correspondence schools, night clubs and cabarets, neon lights and skyscrapers, chewing gum and wide trousers and long skirts, evangelists and the Salvation Army.

And there, too, he finds such peculiarly American institutions as navy wives, shotgun weddings, Girl Scouts, Spanish-American war veterans, a board of censors, daylight hold-ups, immaculate barber shops, a short-story club, elegant cakes and a chamber of commerce.

All these things may be, as touring congressmen and other such idealists are fond of saying, the "splendid evidences of American influence in China." They may be the instruments of attaining confraternity between China and America. But I do not think so, says Edgar Snow, writing in the American Mercury. The fact is that nobody in Shanghai worries himself very much about Sino-American understanding. Both the Chinese and Americans are too busy making money.

Monastery Site Settled
by "Sign From Heaven"

Klosterneuburg owes its fame to the great monastery or "Kloster," which was founded in 1103 by Margrave Leopold IV, "the Holy." A quaint story is told of its founding. Leopold was thinking of erecting a monastery close to his castle on the summit of the Leopoldsherg, but could not make up his mind where to locate it. One evening, when he was discussing the question with his wife she leaned out the window to get a better view of the landscape and her white veil was carried away by a puff of wind and it could not be found. Three months later Leopold was boar hunting and his horse suddenly stopped in an alder plantation near the river and refused to move further. Leopold dismounted and his eyes fell upon the veil hanging in an alder tree. This was taken to be a sign from heaven and the monastery was built on this site. Leopold afterward became the patron saint of Austria and was buried in a chapel of the monastery church.

Mighty Title Borne by
Many Unworthy Rulers

Caesar was a title assumed by Octavianus, adopted son of the great dictator, Julius Caesar, and was by him handed down to his adopted son, Tiberius. It continued to be used by Caligula, Claudius and Nero as members, either by adoption or female descent of Caesar's family; but though the family became extinct with Nero, succeeding emperors still retained the name as part of their title, and it was the practice to prefix it to their own names, as Emperor Caesar, Domitianus Augustus. When Hadrian adopted Aelius Verus, he allowed the latter to take the title of Caesar, and from this time, though the title Augustus continued to be confined to the reigning emperor, that of Caesar was also granted the second person in the state and the heir presumptive to the throne. After the death of Nero, his name was adopted as a kingly title by succeeding Roman emperors. This practice continued, and the same title was used in modern times, as in the case of kaiser and czar.

Source of Fabled River
Styx Merely Waterfall

Solos, a village on the slopes of Mount Helmos, not far from Akkrata in the division of southern Greece known as Achaea, is near the supposed site of the fabled River Styx. In Greek mythology the Styx is a mighty river, the tenth part of the water of Oceanus, which flows in the lower world. It is described by Homer and Hesiod as the terrible black water falling from a high precipice and dashing itself upon a lofty rock, through which it passed and then fell into the Crathis.

The fabled waters of the Styx have been identified by students of antiquity as the two slender cascades falling over a high perpendicular precipice of Mount Helmos, near Solos. After winding among a labyrinth of rocks the water unites to form a mountain torrent which eventually joins the River Akrata (Crathis). Superstitious feelings of dread still attach to the water, which is considered of a peculiarly noxious character.



**It dissolves
clogging grease
—never harms
the plumbing**

WHY be annoyed by stopped-up drains? It's so easy to keep them clear and free-running. Simply sprinkle Gillett's Pure Flake Lye down each week. Use it full strength—it will not in any way harm the enamel or plumbing. It cuts right through all clogging matter . . . kills germs and destroys odors.

It's easy to be your own plumber this workless way, and you've no unwelcome bills to pay afterwards! Get a tin of Gillett's Lye from your grocer today. It will save you hours of unnecessary scrubbing and rubbing all over the house.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—The new edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet gives dozens of practical hints for saving time and work with this powerful cleanser and disinfectant; also contains full directions for soap making, thorough cleansing and other uses on the farm. Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue & Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

**GILLETT'S
LYE EATS DIRT**

A Considerable Nugget

Melbourne, Australia. — Standard gold to the weight of 7.09 ounces and \$150 value was contained in a nugget found near a footpath at Sea Lake recently regravelled from a neighboring pit.

**THAT DEPRESSED FEELING
IS LARGELY LIVER**

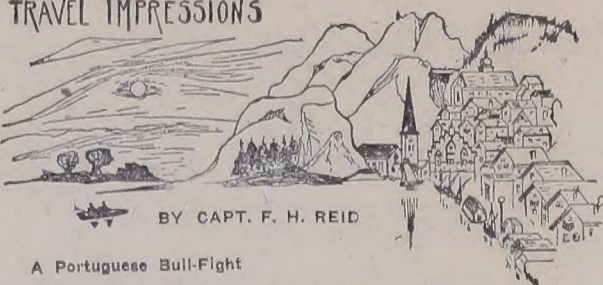
**Wake up your Liver Bile
—Without Calomel**

You are "feeling punk" simply because your liver isn't pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels. Digestion and elimination are both hampered, and your entire system is being poisoned.

What you need is a liver stimulant. Something that goes further than salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum or roughage which only move the bowels—ignoring the real cause of trouble, your liver.

Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable. No harsh calomel (mercury). Safe. Sure. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c. at all druggists.

TRAVEL IMPRESSIONS



BY CAPT. F. H. REID

A Portuguese Bull-Fight

On July 13, 1931, Cavaleiro Jose Casimiro, the celebrated toreador, was making his farewell appearance at a "festa artistica" held in his honour at the Bull Ring in Lisbon. Ordinarily, these performances are held on a Sunday afternoon but, in this particular instance, the gala event was held on a Monday night, commencing at 11 o'clock.

The hotel, at which we were stopping, was not far from the Bull Ring and some of the party thought that they would like the experience of attending the spectacle, widely known as the favourite sport of Spanish and Portuguese peoples. We had but little idea of what was before us and the women of the party, especially, felt that, at least they might stay for the opening ceremonies and leave before any objectionable features came on. We had several surprises, before the evening was over, but more of this later.

When we arrived at the Bull Ring—a huge structure, occupying a whole city block—we found people pouring into the entrances from every point. We had decided rather late, that we would go, consequently, only the cheaper seats, in the second gallery, were available. It was most interesting to climb the wide stairs and take notice of the excited crowd that were making their way to their places. The interior of this huge arena was open to the sky—we were rather glad of this later, as the air, in the vicinity of our seats was made more bearable thereby. One section of the bull ring was covered—ordinarily for the purpose of shade from the afternoon sun; here were the highest priced seats (25 escudos, written 25\$00, worth \$1.25 in our money); the cost of seats, in the gallery, where we went, was 8\$00, or about 40 cents. We arrived in plenty of time to get our places—I was sitting on a slat-like seat, similar to those put up at the circus, and, part of the time, I am afraid that I was sitting on the feet of the person who was in the row behind me. As far as we could judge, we were the only English-speaking people there—I am quite sure that we were the only Canadians—but our neighbors were friendly, even to the extent of passing a wine-skin—out of which everyone was taking a swig—to us and inviting us to do likewise.

It was fascinating to watch the crowd; exciting to listen to the band, and hear the animated talk all about us. The place was jammed with humanity, whose interest in the proceedings, about to take place, was as tense as our own. Presently we realized that something was about to happen. This was the parade around the ring, that preceded the actual combat. Here we had our first surprise; instead of the wreaths of horses, that we had been expecting—for we had read that only broken-down animals were used in bull-fighting—there appeared the most magnificent Arab-Portuguese steeds, ridden by beautifully dressed riders, clad in old-time court costumes, with wigs and feathered hats, lace ruffles on the cuffs and front of the coats, highly polished knee length boots and, carrying in their hands, the long lance-like sticks, later to be used when the bull appeared. Accompanying these were the other performers—the bandoleiros, plectors, etc.—each colorfully and attractively dressed and contributing to the fascination of the scene. These latter were walking and, as the parade proceeded around the ring and stopped in the centre, the excitement of the audience almost got beyond bounds. Hats were cast into the cork-covered arena; these were caught on the swords of the performers and thrown back in the direction from which they came. More hats were sent sailing across space and cheers resounded from all sides. The final and most stimulating moment came when the star of the evening—Cavaleiro Jose Casimiro—came into the centre and, after bowing to the frenzied plaudits of the crowd, was kissed on both cheeks by those of his associates who had come to bid him farewell to the ring. It was easily seen that he was the idol of the Lisbon public and the demonstration was only stopped by the anxiety of the people to greet the appearance of the first of eight bulls that were to be used that night.

Finally all retired, excepting those who were about to participate; the entrance into the ring—immediately under where I was sitting—opened to admit the first rider, who exhibited his horsemanship to the admiring throng. The spectacular curvetting of the beautiful snow-white animal

"Travel Impressions" have been coming to us each week. These articles are a feature of this paper and are taken from the experiences of one who has seen what he writes about. We have been asked to bring to your attention a unique trip which Captain Reid is organizing and which he will personally direct this coming Summer. If you have no definite plans and desire to take advantage of a real opportunity to see the Old Land under ideal auspices, this selected motor party should appeal to you.

Here are but a few of the features: Lakeland—Lake Windermere, Loch Lomond and the Lakes of Killarney; the Welsh Mountains and the Highlands of Scotland; Cathedral Cities—Salisbury, York, Chester, Durham, Wells, Ely, Hereford, Lincoln, Peterborough, Winchester, etc.; Castles—Warwick, Blarney, Carnarvon, Edinburgh, etc.; Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Moore and Hardy Country; The Fens; The Dukeries; Glorious Devon; Cornish Riviera; The Trossachs and the Garden of Ireland; Giants' Causeway. Lovely roads, beautiful scenery. London, Edinburgh, Belfast, Dublin, Douglas—all in one glorious holiday.

For further information regarding this or any other holiday you contemplate, address Capt. F. H. Reid, C.P.R. Building, Toronto.

was an inheritance from the showy Arab riding in the days of Moslem rule. Round and round he rode, putting his horse through various manoeuvres and waving his plumed hat to the applauding populace.

A bugle sounded a shrill fanfare and the bull was admitted from an entrance at the side. There the poor animal stood, with forelegs braced, snorting from the nostrils, eyes blinking in the fierce light and frightened and dazed by his unfamiliar surroundings. One thing I noted, that the tips of his horns had been cut and the remaining portion covered and padded with heavy leather. Then three or four men, in tressador costume, vaulted over the barricade and, by flaunting red and orange colored capes, tried to get the bull into action. Falling in this, the cavaleiro rode up and attracted the bull's attention; this time the bull charged, as if he would toss both horse and rider into the air but by a clever manipulation of the reins and the intelligent co-operation of the noble horse, both were unscathed, not before the rider, by leaning far over the crupper, gracefully planted a dart, covered with paper streamers between the bull's shoulders. We soon learned that it was unsportsmanlike for the rider to touch the bull unless during one of these charges. The audience gave him his due need of praise; the action was repeated with slight variations, several times and each time the rider scored a "hit" he acknowledged the ovation and again exhibited his horsemanship.

By this time, even the ladies of our party were assured that there was no danger; the joviality of the crowd; the excellent riding; the humour of seeing the men on foot vault over the fence, when the bull came close to them; the huge amusement of the spectators—all this gave zest to the performance and, instead of leaving, they remained.

When seven or eight hits had been registered, the bugle sounded again and, from the opening where the bull had entered, a herd of tame oxen, carrying jangling cow-bells, were driven in by two fantastically garbed herders, each wielding long sticks.

Before he knew it, the bull was manipulated into the centre of this herd and escorted out of the ring.

Six other bulls were thus dealt with before we left. Some showed more activity than others; the last one we saw, making a beeline for the rider as soon as he had entered the ring. The dexterity and technique of the horse men, as well as the men on foot, provided plenty of thrills and prevented anything approaching monotony. Some of the horses were jet black, some were bay; all were superb and apparently enjoyed their share of the combat—if such a bloodless bull-fight could be termed a combat. In this respect it differs greatly from the Spanish variety; the nature of which I may describe on another occasion.

I have already mentioned the hour when the entertainment commenced. By the time six bulls had been handled, the hour was close to 1 o'clock in the morning. The Portuguese folk in the seats beside us remonstrated, in a friendly fashion, against our departure, making signs to inform us that the best was yet to come. However, we decided to leave but not before I had purchased, from a small boy, one of the paper covered darts that had been lodged in the skin of a bull's shoulder. This I have as a souvenir of a very delightful evening, spent at the huge Bull Ring of Lisbon, the Capital of Portugal.

One or two experiences in the neighborhood of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, will be the subject of next week's article.

Cigarette Stains

At Taylstock Police Court, a solicitor argued that a man must have means because his fingers were stained with cigarette smoke, writes the Manchester Guardian. He asked the man to show his hands to the court, because, in his view, it amounted to "one of the most valuable ways of testing a man's means." But the court declined to take that view—and the "means test" by stained fingers was not admitted as evidence.

Most people will agree with the court. Cigarettes are cheap enough; sixpence will buy more than enough to stain the smoker's fingers if he keeps the cigarettes, when lighted, in his hand rather than his mouth. The staining depends to a large extent on the way in which a cigarette is held. If it is always held so that the lighted end is above the hand forty a day will not make much difference to the fingers of the addict. If it is held down so that the rising smoke surrounds the fingers one cigarette will produce a recognizable stain.

It is not the "nicotine" which comes through the paper that does the trick; it is the rising trail of smoke from the burning end that kippers the fingers that are exposed to it. And so, though all litigants should come into court with clean hands, if they should happen to enter with yellowed fingers it implies no absolute certainty that they smoke dozens of "gaspers" a day.

Dogs Found Their Way

A dog, which had lived on a farm in Iowa, was taken to Florida in a closed box-car, filled with household effects, a distance of fifteen hundred miles. A few days after arriving in the new locality he disappeared, and weeks later was found on the porch of the house from which he had been removed. The dog had gone straight to his destination, though he had not seen the country through which he passed, and had known nothing of the direction taken. Such wisdom as this is positively uncanny.

A bonny shepherd dog was lost from his owners and their car in the East, and given up for good, but three months later he appeared at his old home in the Capital of Oregon; a staggering skeleton, to be sure, yet he was there. This animal had followed the sun to the west for more than two thousand miles, over boundless prairies, deserts; across rivers and mountain ranges, as true to his course as the beam of a star.—Our Dumb Animals.

No "Discipline"

Washington.—War Department officials said it would be impossible to subject Col. Charles A. Lindbergh to army discipline for protesting to Pres. Roosevelt on the cancellation of all air mail contracts.

Action had been asked by Arthur addressed to Major Gen. Dennis E. W. McMahon, former senior lieutenant in the Naval Air Reserve, in a letter Nolan, commander of the army Second Corps Area, at Governor's Island, N.Y.

Although Lindbergh holds a commission in the Army Air Corps Reserve, officials said he was a civilian and subject to army disciplinary charges only when on active duty.

FREE TRIAL OFFER OF KRUSCHEN

If you have never tried Kruschen—try it now at our expense. We have distributed a great many special "GIANT" packages which make it easy for you to prove our claims for yourself. Ask your druggist for the new "GIANT" 75c. package.

This consists of our regular 75c. bottle together with a separate trial bottle—sufficient for about one week. Open the trial bottle first, put it to the test, and then, if not entirely convinced that Kruschen does everything we claim it to do, the regular bottle is still as good as new. Take it back. Your druggist is authorized to return your 75c. immediately and without question. You have tried Kruschen free, at our expense. What could be fairer? Manufactured by R. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., Manchester, Eng. (Established 1756). Importers: McGillivray Bros., Ltd., Toronto.

Bigamous Man

Liverpool, Eng.—"Bigamy is never so bad in the case of a woman as in that of a man," said Mr. Justice Rigby, Swift at Liverpool Assizes recently.

"When a woman commits bigamy," he added, "the only harm done is that some man is disappointed with matrimonial life. When a man commits bigamy it may be that some unhappy woman is ruined for life."

The judge bound over a man accused of bigamy. He said that there were circumstances in his favor.

The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman.—Whitman.

Classified Advertising

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DIABETES.

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ISSUE No. 9—'34

CHILDREN

grow up only once. The health giving Vitamins in
SCOTT'S EMULSION

helps them grow, protects them from disease, makes strong bones and teeth.

15-33

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RICH IN VITAMINS

Nine Students Killed By Gas From Furnace

Tragedy at Dartmouth College is Caused by Broken Pipe—
Found by Janitor—Broken Door Replaced
on Furnace, But Pipe Left Off

Hanover, N.H., Feb. 25.—Nine students were found dead to-day in a Dartmouth College fraternity house, victims of carbon monoxide poisoning, President Ernest Martin Hopkins revealed to-night.

The deadly fumes-trapped the students as they slept on the second and third floors of the Theta Chi House, where 16 youths lived. More might have died but for the fact that several occupants were away for the weekend. All who remained in the house were killed.

The dead were: William S. Fullerton, 20, of Cleveland Heights, O.; Edward F. Moldenke, 21, New York; William M. Smith, Jr., 21, Manhasset, N.Y.; Edward M. Wentworth, Jr., 21, Mt. Dora, Fla.; Americo S. de Masi, 21, Little Neck, N.Y.; Harold B. Watson, 21, Wilton, Me.; Wilmet H. Schooley, 21, Middletown, N.Y.; John J. Griffin, 19, Wallingford, Conn.

The fumes came from a furnace, burning pea-size coal, which exploded during the night, bursting the pipe which leads from the furnace to the

chimney. When the explosion occurred, one of the students went to the basement and found the furnace door had been blown open. He closed it and went upstairs. In the darkness he had not noticed the broken pipe.

The bodies were discovered late this afternoon by the janitor. This morning he went to the house at his usual hour, made the rounds and assumed that the boys were still asleep. He closed the windows in two of the rooms so that the boys would not have to get out of bed in the cold. Returning this afternoon, he noticed that the youths were lying in their beds in the same positions. He immediately notified the police. The coroner pronounced death due to carbon monoxide poisoning.

Six of the students were found dead in a large study room on the second floor which also was used as a bedroom. Another was in his room on the third floor. Beside his bed his white coils, the fraternity mascot, was found dead. Two other boys were in another room on the same floor.

John L. McGraw Taken By Death

Greatest Manager in Baseball
History Dies in 61st Year
—Suffered Relapse

New York, Feb. 25.—John J. McGraw, greatest and most colorful of all baseball managers, died today at New Rochelle Hospital after several weeks' illness.

The peppery little vice-president of the New York Giants, whose personality, field generalship, temperament and sweeping conquests during nearly 30 years as manager of the Giants, won him the sobriquet "Little Napoleon," died at 11:50 a.m. He was almost 61 years old.

Intestinal hemorrhage was the immediate cause of death. This resulted from uremia, carcinoma of the prostate and metastasis, from which he had been suffering several weeks.

Although the man who directed the Giants to 10 National League pennants and three world championships, an all-time record, retired as manager on June 3, 1932, because of poor health, his affliction then was not one of the causes of his death. He was bothered in 1932 by a troublesome sinus condition. He gave up the manager's job to Bill Terry but continued as vice-president and adviser of the club.

WIFE AT BEDSIDE

Mrs. McGraw, a quiet, retiring woman during the headline career of her famous husband, was at the bedside holding her husband's hand when death came.

Also in the large, comfortable hospital room were a group of intimate friends, two priests and three physicians. Friends present were Charles A. Stoneham; Mrs. Stephen Van Lill of Baltimore, McGraw's sister; Frank Belcher, actor and life-long friend and Mrs. Belcher; Mrs. Peter Kreiger, sister of the late Christy Mathewson, and Mrs. John O'Brien.

Windsor Man Continues Fight on License

Windsor, Feb. 25.—"I don't know which court I can go to next, but it will probably be the appeal court or the Supreme Court of Canada," Archie F. Gignac declared when asked what he would do now to get out of paying the \$2 license fee on his radio receiving set. Stating that he would "fight to the last ditch" before submitting to the tax, Gignac said that he would be unable to outline his next move until he heard from his agent in Toronto.

On Friday Mr. Justice Armour reversed a decision of Police Magistrate W. A. Smith of Windsor acquitting Gignac on a charge of operating a radio-telegraphic station without a license.

Quits Performance Says Audience Dead

Nice, Feb. 18.—Villabolla, Spanish tenor, walked out of the second act of a gala performance of "The Barber of Seville" tonight, scolding the audience.

"Most of you are readheads," he shouted. "Tenors can't live on papered houses."

The curtain was quickly rung down and patrons who had actually paid for their tickets were reimbursed.

Toronto May Enter Plane

Canadian Firm May Enter
Mystery Plane in London-
Melbourne Race

Toronto, Feb. 26.—Toronto may have a "Centennial" entry in the longest and most spectacular aerial race in history to be staged next October from London, England, to Melbourne, Australia, a distance of 14,000 miles, to mark the celebration of the latter city's centenary, it was learned last night.

Fliers from countries all over the globe, many of them of world-wide renown, have already announced their intention of entering in the great race, the first prize for which is 10,000 pounds, Australian currency. Leo Murray, general manager of De Havilland Aircraft of Canada revealed last night that his company has completed work on a "mystery" plane, especially for the race, which is guaranteed to fly at a speed of more than 200 miles an hour. Consideration is being given to the possibility of an entry from Toronto or at least a Canadian entry, it is understood.

There will really be two races, one for speed and the other a handicap event, but the former will be the main event. The event is to be known as the MacRobertson Trophy race, MacPherson Robertson, prominent Melbourne manufacturer, having donated the prize awards totaling 15,000 pounds.

Although the speed contest will undoubtedly stimulate the construction of fast machines, Mr. Murray who flew in a race from Karachi, India, to Charleville, Australia, in 1929, emphasized that the long range required to fly from one control point to another and the diverse climatic and geographic conditions will make it necessary that the winning machine will have to be more than a pure racing freak.

The races, which start Oct. 20 and must be completed within 16 days, are open to any individual, organization or nation with no limitations on the type of machines entered. The races will start in England at a given signal from several airports as near as possible equidistant from Baghdad. Entries must be in by June 1.

Control points in the speed race include Baghdad, Calcutta, Singapore, Darwin and Charleville.

Trouble Reported On Australian Cruiser

London, Feb. 26.—A Hobart, Tasmania, despatch to the London Daily Herald today reported that trouble had broken out on board the Australian cruiser Canberra, en route to Hobart from Sydney. The enlisted men allegedly protested against overwork and inferior meat which they were reported to have thrown into the sea.

Planes Drop Grain To Feed Ducks

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 25.—Two airplanes soared over the New Haven harbor today to drop bags of grain for ducks whose food supply was cut off by the blizzard. Arthur L. Clark, state superintendent of fisheries and game, was aboard one of the planes. He estimated the aerial mission would relieve suffering among 10,000 to 25,000 birds.

Belgium's New Rulers



The Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium and his wife, the former Crown Princess Astrid of Sweden, who are to be the new king and queen of Belgium.

Eight Are Killed As Plane Crashes

Five Passengers, Two Pilots
and Stewardess Found
by Rescue Party

Salt Lake City, Feb. 25.—A rescue party, leaving from here by automobile, reported tonight that all crew members and five passengers aboard a United Airlines Transcontinental plane, were dead.

The plane flew into misty and foggy weather from here Friday afternoon at 2 p.m. It carried five passengers, a pilot, co-pilot, and a stewardess. The pilot, Lloyd Anderson, 32 years old, was a Canadian.

Thirty miles east of Salt Lake City, at the head of Rugged Parley's Canyon, the plane crashed. It was sighted there tonight, nose down in the snow, near a bunch of trees.

Pilots Don Broughton and Ed Greer, flying a rescue plane, first sighted the wrecked craft. At 5:46 p.m. they radioed United Airplane headquarters here that the plane had been seen, nose down, near a bunch of trees in the deep canyon which runs from the east into the Salt Lake Valley.

Immediately L. B. Jameson, public relations official for the United Airlines in Salt Lake City, commandeered a group of automobiles that fought their way up the steep road toward the canyon's head.

New Sale Pact

Toronto.—After years of negotiation Ontario Hydro has consented not to self flagships, to discontinue advertising lamps for sale on credit, not to deliver lamps in quantities less than one carton and to discontinue charging lamps on bills for electric supplies and power, George E. May, secretary of the Ontario Retail Hardware Association, reported at a four day session of that society's conference here.

The proposed legislation for taxing all establishments selling motor oil an additional \$5 a year received some discussion at the first meeting, the members being divided in their attitude on the question.

R. Hawkins, of Smith's Falls, in his presidential report, charged that hardware manufacturers had undertaken to manufacture too many products that could not be absorbed in Canada and could not be profitably exported.

Ice Too Thick For Machinery

St. Johnsbury, Vt.—Despite the fact that ponds and lakes in this vicinity are covered with ice varying in thickness from 30 to 38 inches, an ice shortage is predicted for next summer.

The ice is so thick that machinery cannot harvest the crop. The weather in this region has been the coldest in 40 years, with a recent official reading 35 below zero.

Cold Prevention

Once a day, wipe the mouth-piece of your telephone with a cloth that has been dipped in some sort of a disinfectant solution. This simple procedure will help to prevent colds from being transmitted from one member of the family to another.

Victor Ross Dies Pneumonia Victim

Brilliant Career as Writer,
Financier and Business
Leader Ends—Was
in 56th Year

Toronto, Feb. 24.—Victor Harold Ross, first vice-president of the Imperial Oil Company, former newspaperman and patron of the theatre and sport, died late Friday night at his home, 100 South Drive. He was in his 56th year.

Mr. Ross succumbed to pneumonia which followed an attack of bronchitis which he had contracted Feb. 16. A year ago he was critically ill but rallied at that time and returned to his office and worked with renewed vigor.

In addition to his widow, formerly Miss Adelaide Dennis of Toronto, Mr. Ross leaves one son, Forbes Ross, and one daughter, Eleanor, married to C. D. Stewart, of Barrie. A brother, O. M. Ross, is in the advertising and publishing business in Toronto; another brother, Hope Ross, is in newspaper work in Winnipeg; while his sister, Miss Dorothy Ross, is a teacher at Brown School.

President's Tribute

G. Harrison Smith, president of Imperial Oil Limited, paid the following tribute:

"A few months before his death the late Mr. Stillman described Victor Ross as one of the best known and best loved men in Canada. That was a very good description. Mr. Ross combined an exceptionally keen mind with an extraordinary greatness of heart. His company was a delight—as a raconteur he had few equals and the stories which he told with most zest were those in which he would turn to laugh against himself. As an associate he was a tower of strength. The greater the problem the more readily he tackled it. His vision was amazing. It was based upon a profound understanding of human nature with which he combined kindness and sympathy that made him more than fair in all his dealings. An able executive, he understood the physical equipment of industry but he was most interested in the workers whom he regarded as the greatest of a corporation's assets. He gave leadership to world thought in his work to establish better relations between the employer and the employee. His first association with the oil industry was in the formulation of industrial relations plans which provided for employer and the employee. His first sickness and death benefits and joint councils of workers and management.

"Great as was his burden of responsibility as vice-president of Imperial Oil and International Petroleum he carried an even greater load because he was always ready and even eager to help others in their troubles. The additional strain of recent years took its toll but he steadfastly refused to rest although he was always quick to order rest for any of his subordinates if he thought it advisable. The recent deaths of his associates, the late C. O. Stillman and A. M. McQueen, profoundly shocked him and it seemed at times as if he was trying to compress into a brief space of time work which he would have been expected to complete over a much more extended period.

"His death is a grievous personal loss, not only to me and his fellow directors, but to all of the thousands of employees of the companies he served so well."

"Turn of the Tide" No Mere Metaphor

London.—Right Hon. Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, speaking recently, said that the phrase "the turn of the tide" as applied to British industry is no mere empty metaphor.

In January of this year, he continued, there were 609,000 more workers employed than in January of last year.

Particularly encouraging was the increase of business in the heavy industries.

Production in all types of steel rose from 8,902,000 tons in 1931 to 11,123,000 tons in 1933.

Injury to Reputation As Baker of Cakes Brings Court Suit

Mrs. Maria Stanley Charges
Cincinnati Women's Ex-
change Tampered with
Her Baking

Cincinnati.—Mrs. Maria Stanley filed suit for \$20,000 from the Woman's Exchange here, charging injury to her reputation as a cake-baker.

She has furnished cakes to the Exchange for years, she said, and recognition of her ability grew and grew. Then, she contended, last November the Exchange "maliciously, wantonly and unlawfully" tampered with three cakes, making them unfit for consumption, but sold them nevertheless. The damage to her reputation, she asserted, caused her "great mortification, shame, humiliation and mental anguish."

Those who make use of devotion as a means and end generally are hypocrites.—Goethe.

Full-Grown Deer Is Faithful Pet

Kincardine, Ont.—John A. Campbell boasts a novel pet that tags along behind his car at 40 miles an hour as lightly as its shadow. The pet, a full grown deer, was found by Mr. Campbell in 1932, very rickety and timid on her legs. She willingly went home with him and allowed herself to be nursed along to maturity and now follows him about.

Sun So Hot Horses Given Sunbonnets

Cape Town.—Twelve sunbonnets for horses have been distributed among cab drivers here. They were sent by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is proposed that in the near future all horses, mules and donkeys in South Africa receive such protection against the strong sun.

Ontario Students Register at McGill

Montreal.—High representation of students from all the provinces of the Dominion is noted in the number of undergraduates attending McGill University and proceeding towards their degrees, it was shown here in the report of T. H. Matthews, registrar. There are 244 Ontario students registered; 80 from British Columbia; 30 from Alberta; 51 from Saskatchewan;